The Moss-rose raised its dainty head, And, blushing, "Ah! what bliss," it said, "For aye to rost On some fair maiden's bosom soft, And, with her leving fingers, oft To be caressed!"

The gaudy Peeny declared,
As arrogant around it stared,
"To be admired
Ls all Lask! And 'tis my due;
My loveliness leaves nothing new
To be desired!"

The modest Dalsy said, "I know, Alas! I am not fit to grow 'Mid such as ye; Yet God had given to each a place To occupy a little space, Though mean he be,

"Content with my estate, I pray Where He has placed me, there to stay Till life is done; Enjoying warmth, enjoying light, Until my everlasting night Obscure the sun!"

At last the Laly, fair and mild, Spoke, eighing, "When a little child Is snatched by death, I'd love to nestle pure and bright Within its hands so cold and white; Or, in a wreath,

"I'd twine me o'er the coffin's lid,
"Till from the mother's sight 'twas hid;
And I would make The hideousness of Death appear Less foully hideous—almost fair— For her poor sake!"

The Lily spoke; and for a space The dewy tears were shed apace! And all confessed, Who heard her gentle words, that she, So full of love and sympathy, Had chosen best !

TWENTY POUNDS.

A Tale from Real Life.

Could it be Marxwell, who I believed had left England for Brazil a week ago? Why, he was seen on board the vessel, just starting! Nevertheless, it was he, there could be no doubt about it, and though he did not appear to see me, and I had not time to cross the road to speak to him, I was quite sure upon the point,

Presently I met Henry Staining. He was in rollicking good humor, as usual. As lively and kind-hearted a man as ever lived was Staining, and I fear I might add almost as foolish. A full purse, a advantages they are! And yet, without a bit of it. the steadying influences of a sound judgment and of moral tone, what misfortunes, sometimes, the combination

"Staining, what can have induced Marxwell to abandon his voyage to

"Nothing; and this for the simple reason that on that voyage to Brazil is Marxwell proceeding at this moment." "My friend, certainly not, for I saw

him only ten minutes since, not far from " My friend, certainly 'yes,' for I had a letter from him a week back, posted

know, saited directly. "Then he left her, that's all." did not speak to him—or rather the man

you mistook for him?' True, I did not; but"-

"I'll het you twenty pounds to a

shilling you made a mistake. Smith, yeu are getting old, and your eyes are failing you. Twenty pounds to one shilling. Awful odds ; but your shilling is gone, Smith." I am quite willing to risk my shill-

"Here you are, young gentlemen," eried a cheery voice, proceeding from a -betting on the highway. Illegal, to England.

mind—I'm a witness."

On the way, I had one night a frightful dream. I fancied a terrible enemy

"You are astonished. You thought me on the way to Brazil. And so I should have been but that at the very last moment, when the vessel was just moving out of dock, my firm sent counter instruction, and I had to return to did I call to my mind the face before me, London. Annoying, wasn't it? Such a It was Staining, but Staining reckless,

"Such a loss, indeed!" murmured mercy. Staining. But then he turned to Marxwell, and greeted him heartily,

Marxwell soon left us, and Staining. having taken from his pocket-book a twenty-pound note, handed it to me. There you are, old fellow. 'A fool and his money, etc. Another illustra-

tion of that wise adage. 'Not exactly, for you don't suppose that I shall take your money?"

"Yes, I do; and I shall be extremely annoyed if you make any difficulty." I protested; but presently he said, in give the money in charity." And he years he had not replied.

pressed the note back upon me, and left abruptly. There are objections to standing in the public highway with a bank-note in your that money back, and very glad I shall hand, and a puzzled expression in your face, so the note was transferred to my pocket, and I went my way pondering,

when I was met full tilt by a clergyman whem I very well knew. "Hulloa!" he cried, "Mr. Smith, both you and I seem to have our minds

so much occupied to-day that we cannot that I was beginning to despair when take care of our bodies. I apologized. "No grave matter mine," I said; "but you look sad. Nothing

swrong with you or yours;" "No, thanks; but I have just left a depressing scene, one which I would willingly throw sunshine upon, but I have

not the power." Then he gave me the particulars, "A young couple, married in hot haste, have him, and he, with folded arms, present-come gradually to grief At first in quite ing a picture of mute despair. So did I come gradually to grief At first in quite suomfortable circumstances, they are now

in distressing poverty. The wife and child are ill. Relatives and friends have receded into the remote background, And, worse than all, the husband-" Has become intemperate or has gone

" Neither one nor the other—that is to say, not to the full extent. But he has it be-canbecome flighty, or else, I much fear-"

"Something worse?" "Yes; for to be dishonest is worse than going mad. However, I have only and confide in me. You know you can suspicions, and I do most truly think, if anything wrong has been done, it has been prompted by a desperate desire to child. And it is such a mere trifle that And t is needed, apparently, to put all straight, fession, and it amounted to this : When I have often thought since what ad- of "Pomeranian Master of the Hunt."

that I groan at my inability at the mo- he had wasted his money, he obtained a mirable advantages are a clear head and ment to find it.

"What is wanted?" "Well, it's only £20, but even that is income is not equal to that of his bak-

hardened criminals,

1 grasped his hand and pressed upon him the note I had just received. "There is the money which you require. Haste away, and do all the good

My friend looked astonished, He even hesitated.

you can with it.

"It is very, very good of you," he said; "but really—do forgive me—is it not more than—than you—"

"Can afford? Yes, it is; but be easy the money is not mine. He laughed. "You haven't stolen it?

another, you know,' "No. I have the power to give it away. Good-by." And I hurried off. Then I hastened back to him.

"Kindly, on no account mention my

"No, as you wish it; but you should know that of the objects of your bounty."

And he told me. Then we parted. I had gone only a dozen yards when there passed me a young man, with a flushed face and a frightened, anxious look in his eyes. He caught up to my friend and spoke to him.

"That is the man," I said to myself,
"whose proceedings have been dubious, and who will, I trust, be rescued by Staining's twenty pounds. Now it was wrong in Staining to bet, and I fear it was wrong in me to receive. Two wrongs.
But it was right in the minister to be touched by the troubles of these poor people, and it was right in me to give the go to prison. Good gracious! what is money. A balance! Well, if the wheel the matter, Smith?" should turn, and this man should ever be in a position to deliver a fellow-creature from such trouble as he himself is now in, by the surrender of £20, I wonder whether he'll do it? Smith, you surely know human nature well enough to anrobust frame and abundant leisure, what swer your own question. Not he-not

> This little incident, with plenty of other things besides, was soon swept from my memory by a sudden call to go abroad, even to the place where Marx-well did not go—Brazil. Nothing hampered me then; I was a young bachelor, and could start for the Antipodes at two days' notice. When I take my wife and children—I forget the exact number—for our autumnal trip, in these later years of my life, I require weeks' preparation. Alas, the change!

Away then to Brazil; away to a new life, new scenes, new companions, new hopes and fears; away to fortune and just before starting; and the vessel, I the vellow fever! Here occurs in my tale a grand interval of twenty years (my story deals in twenties). All that time-"Not in the least degree likely. You barring three months occupied in going and returning-I was busy money-making. I succeeded. I was knocked over sundry times, but I arose, and made "I'll bet you ten pounds you are more money. Fever prostrated me, but I was up again and increasing my store. I never bet; but I am perfectly sure I was bitten of snakes, but not killed, tor I enlarged my business, I was poniarded by a bankrupt competitor, but my rival was executed, and I grew richer than ever. I doubt whether I should have come back, had not a young English lady one night sung in my hearng an old home ballad, so well remembered in connection with some loved ones who in this world will sing no more that the well-known craving for the native land mastered me at once, and withbulky person close upon us. "Betting in a very short time I was on my voyage

had me on my back, and was clutching my throat. Tighter grew his grasp, and fainter my breath. My starting eyes scanned every feature of my murderer. Slowly and painfully—as I was held in this way for some time as it appeareddesperate. I gasped an entreaty for

"Give it me; I want it, I must have it, instantly-instantly!" was the hoarse re

" What what can you mean?" "What?" he shricked, in maniacal frenzy. "Wretch, my £20!"

I had quite forgotten about this bet and the £20; but the dream set me thinking of what rumors I had heard occasionally respecting Staining since I left England; that his money had wasted, that he had fallen considerably in posi-tion, and even into poverty. I had writirritation, "Then be my almoner, and ten to him several times; but of late

"Poor fellow," I now thought, "there may really be something in that dream, If his pride will accept it, he shall have

be to restere it." Back in England. Settled down again in the old country. Main matters dis-posed of, I began to think of minor ones, and among the latter the discovery of Staining. He was not in his former haunts, and I failed so long to find him

one night I met him in the street. The brilliant artificial light of the ballroom may increase the luster of a woman's bright eyes, and of her sparkling jewels; but if you want to see a poor, broken-down man, decayed and dismal, in his worst aspect, survey him standing disconsolately under a streetlamp, a drizzling rain descending upon

"I did not want to run away," said, hoarsely, "they knew that, I'll face it—I'll face it," he added, tremulously. "Go on, I'll walk quietly enough. Why—what—eh—surely, can

"Yes, it is Smith, your old companion. Pray be composed. Staining, my friend, what is all this? Come away, trust me. If you are in trouble, and money can help you, you shall not want."
And I took his arm, and we went to-

And then I heard poor Staining's con-

situation in a merchant's office. The pay, poor enough, was sufficient to keep him; but even now nothing could re formidable sum to a clergyman whose strain him from gambling on a small scale on horse-racing. As a consequence he was soon penniless, and worse—dis-honest. He had paid a betting debt out "But," I urged, for I liked to pose my spiritual adviser if I could, "you hint at downright crime. Certainly it would not be right to prevent the due course of justice? Think of the claims of society."

"I decline. I think only of a suffering family and I leave police courts to ing family, and I leave police courts to of the virtuous fraternity he could not at once replace the money, he had been discharged, and had reason to suppose he had been prosecuted.

I could not help thinking, as I heard this painful story, that if there had been a society for the suppression of betting, what a splendid illustration here pre-sented itself for their use! However, it

was no time for moralizing.
"Many, many thanks," replied the
poor fellow to the offer I directly made him. "You can see the firm in the morning; but, though they have allowed a day to pass, I doubt whether they will I cannot take of one criminal to deliver take the money. I believe they are bent on my rain.'

I could not believe it; so early next day I was at the office of Messrs. Baydon, Blendon & Co., and, having been admitted into the room of the senior partner, I stated my errand and proffered my twenty pounds.

Mr. Baydon was a sleek old gentleman. There was, so to speak, wealth and ease all over him. He bent his head complacently, and replied:

"I can appreciate your kindness to this poor man, and I myself would pass the matter over at once, but my partner, Mr. Blendon, takes a different view, and I cannot interfere." And he was firm upon the point. Could I see Mr. Blendon? Yes, if I could call again in two hours.

I had suddenly disengaged my arm from his. "Staining," I said, "you from his, "Staining," I said, "you keep out of the way for a couple of hours. Blendon, Blendon—do you know the man's Christian name?" "Robert."

"Mercy on me! Good-by. Meet me here in two hours," and in another minute I was in a cab, rattling away into one of the suburbs.

In the cab I kept muttering to my-lf, "Blendon, and Robert Blendon, self. too! I am sure of it. Still, if it be so, it is very strange. I think I should know that face again, however time may have altered it. We shall see who will be master.

My present visit was to an old clergyman, who received me most cordially, rubbed up his memory vigorously leave him quickly, fully sympathiz-ing with me in the object I had in be sent in a registered package. Money

Back to Messrs, Baydon, Blendon & Co,'s offices, and then into the presence of Mr. Blendon.

All my anxiety for my poor friend faded away. I was master of the situation. Briefly I stated my desire to extenuating circumstances, no publicity are several manufactories in this city and this luxurious article are the novelty and exwould be given to the miserable wrong. Brooklyn which turn out many tons of ceptional strength of its perfume.

him do it) for a hundred pounds. Having given this to a clerk to get cashed, said to me, arranging his papers the while:

"You will excuse my answering somewhat shortly. It cannot be. It is not the money we care about, but we must vindicate the law."

I declare I was half pleased at the grandiose style of this speech. How beautifully he was walking into my net! I ventured to suggest that, in a case like this, there was no imperative call to such a course, and that forbearance might rightly be shown.

"I do not see it-I cannot see it." an swered Mr. Blendon, crossing his legs with an air of resignation, as much as to say, "The man is a nuisance, but I must

bear with him." He resumed: "You do not appear, sir, to observe the immense importance of punishing delinquency of this kind. I would not take your money on any account. Dear me! If I were to let this man off, I should be ashamed of myself. He ought to be in custody now, and he will be very shortly. I have just overcome some foolish hesitation of my partner. I am always firm myself" (not always, Mr. Blendon—not when I last saw you. But I waited a bit. A little further into my net, please); "and, therefore, however sorry I may be, sir, I must say no. Dishonesty is a fearful thing, and it must be punished. If I were myself to com-

mit an act of this kind, and-Why did he stop? I quietly bowed, and, rising, said:

"You are quite right, Mr. Blendon. Dishonesty is a terrible thing, and while not for another moment pressing my request, I know you will forgive my calling to remembrance, before I leave, a curious case known to myself. May I tell you? Some twenty years ago, a poor young couple, not long married, had fallen into poverty. The wife and infant were ill. The doctor had ceased to attend because he was not paid. Comforts there were none. Even necessaries were wanting. The husband was distracted. He would get money; he must get money. When his young wife and infant child were well-nigh starving, what was to be done? Stay, stay, Mr. Blendon, I will complete my story. The money was obtained, sir-Mr. Blendon, behold Staining. I put my hand upon his shoulder. He sprang from me as though I were r wild beast. money was obtained, sir—Mr. Blendon, you know how. I need not tell you that. But in what way was it repaid ere mischief came, and how was the bushould saved—saved from ruin and degradation -saved to become a rich and respected merchant? Whose money saved him? Ah! Mr. Blendon, that you do not know. But I will tell you. The £20 note which rescued the poor husband rested only ten minutes before in the pocket-book of this very Staining whom you are about to prosecute, strangely enough, for precisely the same sum, Yes, at that time Staining was rich, maybe, as you are now; but with his riches he was a kind, charitable, Christian man, Mr. Blendon-I have a right to ask you

-to what character do you lay claim?"

a calm temper. In the delivery of the foregoing, I had worked myself up to a white heat. It was only at the moment when he first saw my drift that my listener manifested any strong emotion. Then he rose from his chair, and his face flushed, but he resumed his seat, and, by the time I had finished, he was sitting calmly almost as when I entered. There was a slight pause, and then Mr. Blendon

"You have acquired, sir, some knowledge (I will not say whether accurate or not) of an incident in my early life, which I am not called upon to discuss. May I ask whether this knowledge is confined, and is intended to be confined, to yourself?"

"I believe it to be confined to myself and my informant, and I have no desire it should be otherwise."

Mr. Blendon bowed. "I will not conceal that I shall be glad for it to be an understanding between us that this matter does not go farther," (I made a gesture of assent.) "Well, then, on that footing, I will say that Mr. Staining shall be entirely absolved, and I will even aid him if I can. You must, however, excuse me from taking your £20. I am obliged to you for coming. Good morning.

I departed, and I must confess I felt the enemy had well covered his retreat, and had not left me a morsel more of triumph than he could help.

However, my object was accomplished, therefore I hastened to meet Staining. He was not at the appointed place, and, after waiting some time, I went to his lodging. It was in a shabby house, in a by-street, not easy to find. The landlady told me Mr. Staining had come in an hour ago, and was in his bedroom— not very well, she thought. She and I went up together, and knocked more than once. Then I went in. Poor Staining was lying on the bed, dead, My first misgivings were happily not confirmed. His enfeebled frame had been unable to withstand the recent wear-andtear, and now he was beyond the reach of his follies and his troubles.

What Registered Letters Are.

An exchange says: "The question is very often asked, What is the difference between a registered letter and any other? The difference is that a registered letter does not go in the mail proper. It passes from hand to hand outside of the mail pouches, every person through whose hands it passes being required to sign a receipt for it on receiving it, and secure a receipt for it on passing it over to the next transit. The person holding the last receipt is thus always able to show who is accountable for its loss. The responsibility rests upon the man who has signed a receipt for the registered package and who is not able to produce the package or a receipt from somebody else for it. The safest way to send money is for my use, and allowed me to by money order. Where it does not go ought not to be sent in an ordinary letter under any circumstances. There is no possible way of 'tracking' such a letter."

Artificial Butter.

If we have to eat artificial butter, it is gratifying to know that it can now be pay the amount of Staining's defal- made equal in flavor, texture and odor to cation, and my hope that, under the the best buttermade from cream. There press the public. The peculiar fascinations of this product weekly, and a well-known Mr. Blendon heard me with some im- chemist of this city recently declared patience, and before replying he drew a that, while he had no doubt that more check to "self or bearer" (I could see than half the butter consumed in New York was artificially made, he conscientiously believed that it was quite as good as butter made in the dairy, and often much better. The imitation is made of suet, which, after being thoroughly washed, is reduced to oil at a low temperature; to each 100 pounds of oil some twenty pounds of sour milk are added, and the two substances are churned, half an ounce of bicarbonate of soda and two or three table-spoonfuls of solution of annotto being thrown into the mixture. The product of this churning is allowed to come in contact with ice, and is again churned with more sour milk. After rifteen minutes' agitation, the solidified oil takes up a certain percentage of the milk, as well as its flavor and odor, and the butter is ready for the market. An analytical chemist of this city, who has prepared and published a pamphlet on the manufacture of artificial butter, furnishes a number of analyses, including those of artificial and genuine butter, Of the fats, including olein, palmitine, stearine, butyrine, etc., artificial butter contains 82 per cent.; cream butter, 86 per cent. The most perceptible difference in the constituents of the two products is in the matter of salt, of which artificial butter contains 5.225 per cent., and the genuine article 1.51 per cent, Of coloring matter there is a trace in the artificially-prepared compound. The percentage of salt, it is said, may be augmented or reduced to suit the taste and requirements of the public. It is claimed for the counterfeit butter that it does not become rancid so quickly as dairy butter, and that it can be made much more cheaply,-New York World.

Strangled With Her Own Hair. Quy Lin, a Chinese girl, living on Spofford alley, near Clay street, was strangled to death about 5 o'clock this morning, her murderer being her lever. Yim Ah Tung. At the time mentioned Yin Quy, a woman living in the room next to that of the deceased, heard the sound of an altercation and the threat, "If you don't I'll lick you, I'll kill you," Immediately following there was a struggle, a moaning, gurgling sound for a moment, then all was still. The woman ran out of the house and informed the police. Upon visiting the room the girl was found dead upon the floor, her face black, her tongue protruding and her cue of long, thick black hair twisted in several folds about her neck and drawn tight. Search was immediately instituted for the murderer, but as he is not well known to the police some trouble is expected in finding him, -San Francisco Post.

Money in Poultry. Prof. A. Corbett, of No. 7 Warren St., N.Y., has received the Centennial and several gold medals, also 12 diplomas for his new process for hatching eggs and raising poultry by means of horse manure. This valuable discovery will give \$500 yearly profit from 12 hens. Catalogues, circulars and testimonials sent on receipt of postage.

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Many having used "patent" and prepared medicines and failed in finding the relief promised, are thereby prejudiced against all medicines. Is this right? Would you condemn all physicians because one failed in giving the relief promised? Some go to California in search of gold, and, after working hard for months and finding none, return home and say there is no gold there. Does that prove it? Many suffering with Catarrh and pulmonary affections have used the worthless preparations that crowd the market, and in their disappointment say there is no cure for Catarrh. Does that prove it? Does it not rather prove that they have failed to employ the proper remedy? There are thousands of people in the United States who can make an affidavit that Dr. Sago's Catarrh Remedy and Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery have effected their entire cure. Many had lost all sense of smell for months, and pieces of bone had repeatedly been removed from the nasal cavities.

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